URBAN VOICES

JOURNAL 1987

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Acknowledgements
2. Editorial Notes
3. DIALOGUE, James Brown
4. EVIL BLACK MAN, James Brown
5. HISTORY (for the children), Marian Crewe
6. MESSAGE, Marian Crewe
7. I GOT THE BAG LADY BLUES, Anne Gadson Brown Cheatam
8. RAMBLINGS OF A MAD WOMAN AT FORTY-THREE, Anne Gadson Brown Cheatam
9. MESSAGE TO APARTHEID, Sam Burgess, Jr.
10. RAY OF HOPE, Sam Burgess, Jr.
11. MAY I, Zul Latifatu Zabiratu
12. SANELY INSANE, Zul Latifa Abdal Sabur Zahir
13. TIME, Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
14. UNTITLED, Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
15. 17 YEARS AFTER, Myron Rodgers
16. LIKE A REVOLUTION, Myron Rodgers
17. WINTER, Marie Thomas
18. TALK TO ME, Marie Thomas
19. ANYWAY YOU COME, Mansa K. Mussa
20. WHAT DISASTER, Mansa K. Mussa
21. NO ONE'S PERFECT, Daphne Haygood-Benyard
22. I KNOW HIM, Daphne Haygood-Benyard

1986 Urban Voices Workshop Participants

23. DON'T GO HOME AGAIN, Sandra West
24. THE CHARLESTON SISTERS, Jody Pate
25. MY SELF, Islah Ali
26. THE REAL ENEMY, Linda A.H. Walker
27. CALL, Yictove
28. CALL, Yictove
29. AWAKE..., Dorothea M. Moore
30. LADY'S LEGACY, Zayid Muhammad
    Guest Artist

1987 CALENDAR

Back Cover
PICTURE A DANCER, Phyllis Byers

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

December 7, 1986

Dear Kindred Spirit,

I would like to thank you for your heart-warming response to Urban Voices for the past six years. Because of your loyal dedication we have reached creative heights we never believed possible.

Urban Voices will continue to be a viable cultural exponent of the black experience.

May God continue to bless all of you.

Peace and Love

Annie L. Gadson-Brown-Cheatam
Chairman of the Board

This Journal is dedicated to our fellow poet James Brown, whose untiring strength, inspiration and faith kept us together.

Special thanks to our typist Doreen Brooks.

This Journal is made possible by an Essex County Block Grant.

All material in this Journal has been copyrighted and is not to be reproduced without the consent of the authors.

URBAN VOICES

Editorial Notes

I have had the distinct pleasure of serving the Urban Voices in a number of different capacities over the years. This role as editor and graphic designer of our 1987 Journal has been another gratifying link in a chain of service to the organization.

This Journal marks the first literary effort by Urban Voices in nearly two years. It is a collaboration of the talents of Urban Voices stalwart writers, our 1986 Workshop participants, their instructor Sandra West, and a newcomer, guest artist Zayid Muhammad.

As with all Urban Voices publications it is our desire to inspire those who are interested in the spoken and written word and to introduce strangers to the power of written expression. Our Workshop participants used visual graphics as a stimulus for their poetry and we have stocked this Journal with a host of visual images also. In our planning sessions for the Journal we came up with the idea of creating a pocket-sized publication that our follower's could carry along in the hopes that they too will be inspired to jot down their feelings, observations, and notes of the day.

Although we have not been as active as we were in the past, today's gala reception serves notice that the Urban Voices have not been asleep, we were just resting our eyes.

MANSA K. MUSSA
Editor & Graphic Designer
Mansa K. Mussa

DIALOGUE

HIDING BEHIND YOUR MARIJUANA AND COKE,
YOU KEEP TELLING ME TO "GET IT TOGETHER"
YOU SPEAK OF GOLDEN SUNSETS AND PRIMROSE PATHS
TO ILLUSTRIOUS DREAMS

THE PATH I SEE IS STUDDED WITH JAGGED STONES
THAT DO NOT GLOW IN THE NIGHTMARISH
DARKNESS OF STRUGGLE AND DEFIANCE

PERHAPS YOUR FALSE, "MIND-HIGH" DOES MAKE YOU SOAR TO
THE SKY WHILE I JUST SAG WITH THIS HEAVY LOAD

I KEEP TRYING TO EXPLAIN IN LOGICAL SEQUENCE THE
ANSWERS.....
AND YOU KEEP GIVING THE SOLUTIONS IN DISJOINTED PARABLES
MY ADVICE IS PERMANENT, LOGICAL, AND COLD
YOUR SILLY NOTIONS FLUCTUATE WARM AND INVITING
BETWEEN YOUR "HIGHS AND LOWS."

James Brown
1982

"EVIL BLACK MAN"

I'M AN EVIL BLACK MAN
GODDAMN
MY LAUGHTER IS A NASTY
HOWL
AND IN MY MOST PLEASANT MOMENTS
I ISSUE FORTH A GROWL

WHEN PEOPLE SAY
DON'T YOU EVER SMILE?
I REPLY, MAYBE I WILL IN
A FUGGING WHILE

I LEAVE GENTLENESS AND MEEKNESS
TO LAMBS
CAUSE I'M AN EVIL BLACK MAN
GODDAMN!

MY HAND SHAKE IS A CLENCHED FIST
AND IF YOU LOOK AT ME LONG
I'M PISSED
MY SMILE IS A SLIGHT FROWN
AND MY COMPLEMENTS ARE A
NASTY PUTDOWN

I AIN'T LOVING
KIND OR DEMOCRATIC
CAN'T STAND RELIGION
OR UNCLE SAM
CAUSE I'M AN EVIL BLACK MAN
GODDAMN!

James Brown
1982

HISTORY
(for the children)

Locked in my soul deep and old
is a history long untold
of a time when we were one
sharing the gifts of soil and sons.

It was a time of royalty
of kings and queens of being free
of babies born in celebration
of peace and love spread through the nation.

Old life was wise and good
new life is where continuity stood
all was in harmony thought as one
joy was abundant under the sun

Recognizing our God was easily done
who was everywhere everything and everyone
peace and honor was through out the land
and with dignity was how we treated man.

Then chaos and greed came to our land
in the form of a man.
how could we know how could we see
that he was no God he looked like you and me.

He said: I will teach you. I'll bring you out from the dark
progress and civilization I'll give you for a lark
But there are some things you need to know
every civilization need rules if it's expected to grow.

For instance, every child is not your son
and you can't go around loving everyone
disregard the wisdom of the old
and sell or kill the strength of the young.

He said: You can't progress if your love is free
and just between you and me
civilization don't stand a chance
if you don't stop being happy and doing that celebration dance.

Well, now we are as civilized and progressive as we can be
we hate each other and you're crazy if you say God is in a tree
nobody cares about his fellowman
and children starve in our mother land.

It took some time but i think we are beginning to understand
that you can't necessarily find your God in everyman
so learn your history my daughters and sons
love, share and care and once again we'll be the chosen ones.

Marian Crewe
1980

MESSAGE

If you expect tears of red, white and blue
From injustices done because
Of different creeds or color of skins
You will be disappointed.

We will cry no more tears.

If you expect fires of red, yellow and black
Due to the consuming frustrations
Of burning inequality
You will be disappointed.

We will no longer destroy our own.

If you expect lust for gold, silver and green
To exploit, separate
And destroy us
You will be disappointed.

We will no longer be bought or sold.

We have taken from the frustration
Nurtured with past injustice
A race of people
Strong, determined and unified.

We have no other cheek to turn.

If you will not see
Rivers of red will flow
The gray of ash will cover the land
And the sky will weep white heat
For us all.

Marian Crewe
1980

I Got The Bag Lady Blues!

You look at the Bag Lady
And Wonder Why -
I understand clearly Now - Why she leaves
Family and Friends Behind
Because They Can give you
The Blues!

She says stop The World I want to Get Off-f-f-f -
Leaving all of this Madness
Behind!

She Grabs Her Shopping Bags - Cause They're
the only Friends and Family She's Got -
They Don't Give-e-e-e-e Her The BLUES!

Anne Gadson Brown Cheatam
December 3, 1985 - p.m.

RAMBLINGS OF A MAD WOMAN AT FORTY-THREE

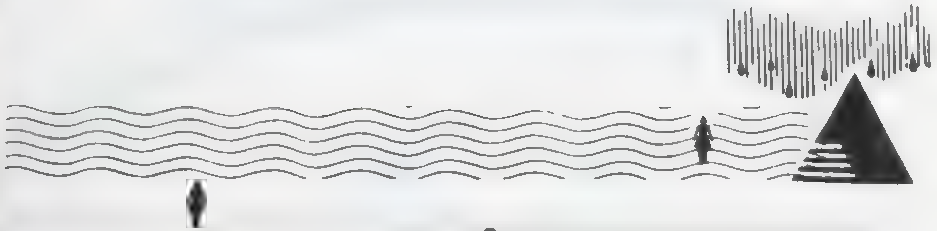
Each day I feel I'm Slowly Going Mad
No touching, no hugs no one to love me - But Me
Putting on an act
Smiling on the outside
Crying inwardly
Trying not to look back
Might turn into a pillow of salt
Here could be great if we could just get it together -
So I must keep looking Up trying to be strong
Most times in relationships we look for the wrong things -
Me I was looking for someone to rescue me from all the
Madness - from going Mad - Giving of myself perhaps to
the wrong people or causes - No at this time and place/space
I find my account Overdrawn - I know I must pick myself
up and get back into The Race - I must get back into the
Race - You can't Win if you Give Up!

I feel I'm slowly going Mad - Perhaps I've always

Been Mad!

Anne Gadson Brown Cheatam
December 3, 1985 - p.m.

4500 FOUR MILE RUN DRIVE
ARLINGTON, VA.



MESSAGE TO APARTHEID

I have two arms, two legs, a nose,
Two eyes from which I see.
So how can you begin, to tell me my friend,
That you are better than me?

You came from womb, you'll rest in tomb,
And I the very same way.
So what is this, that you persist,
In telling me day by day?

You have the might, does that make you right?
No, not in the eyes of the Lord.
I have the will and I'll conquer every hill,
For the pen is mightier than the sword.

If the pen doesn't win, revolts will begin,
A very familiar story.
In fact it's the way, many are able today,
To wave what is known as "Old Glory".

By Sam Burgess, Jr.

RAY OF HOPE

Peeking just beyond the clouds,
Across the mighty firmament.
There is something to behold,
I feel it must be heaven sent.

Fighting like a warrior,
Whose maidens' life depends on him.
It struggles on quite fiercely,
While sparkling like a precious gem.

Never wavering at all,
A splendid sight for one to see.
Climbing higher in the sky,
In life it is the treasured key.

What is this that shines so bright,
And allows you and I to cope?
The answer is known to all,
It is, of course, a ray of hope.

By Sam Burgess, Jr.
July 1, 1985

MAY I

Allow me to touch you
with my eyes

All else will surely hurt

Permit me to feel you
with my sighs
(Something else causes cries)

Can I please release
the me that only works with you

Grant me please
A gentle brush with thoughts
If I'm not allowed to touch

Zul Latifatu Zabiratu

SANELY INSANE

Am I insane
Just to want the things that shine?

To hold on to what glitters in the nite
Before the day rubs it out

Am I insane to want to hold on to
My home, my land, my me?

My insanity, only caused by the unrealness of you!
Playing chess with my people and the chess board
being A-mur-der-ca's soil
With African Pieces, we just don't fit

Am I insane to want to smell the air
That breathed life into my being?
Or feel the soil that suckled me
Back home, the womb of the world
AFRICA
Got to be insane,
To look like I look, and act like I act

Wearing all this stuff, here in America

Now you know I'm insane, teaching my seeds
Like I should have been taught
Making them strut, instead of bopping down the street

Whew! they sure make me shine
Look out sun, are you ready for this
Look out America, you'll never be ready

To many of us now looking like home
Looking like, Lamumba, Musa, Daud, Ayesha, Amira, Whabirah, and Kharimah

To many of us now talking like El-Hajj Malik
And acting like Idi Amin

Got to be insane!
To become sane enough
To deal with the truth

The truth will, has, set me free
To be
Just me
And you
Say I'm insane
Mad as a white dog out of heat
Well, you're right

Insane enough, mad enough
To look like I look and wear this stuff,
And remember Malcolm everyday
INSANE!?

You gotta be CRAZY

Zul-Latifa Abdal Sabur Zahir
2/13/78

TIME

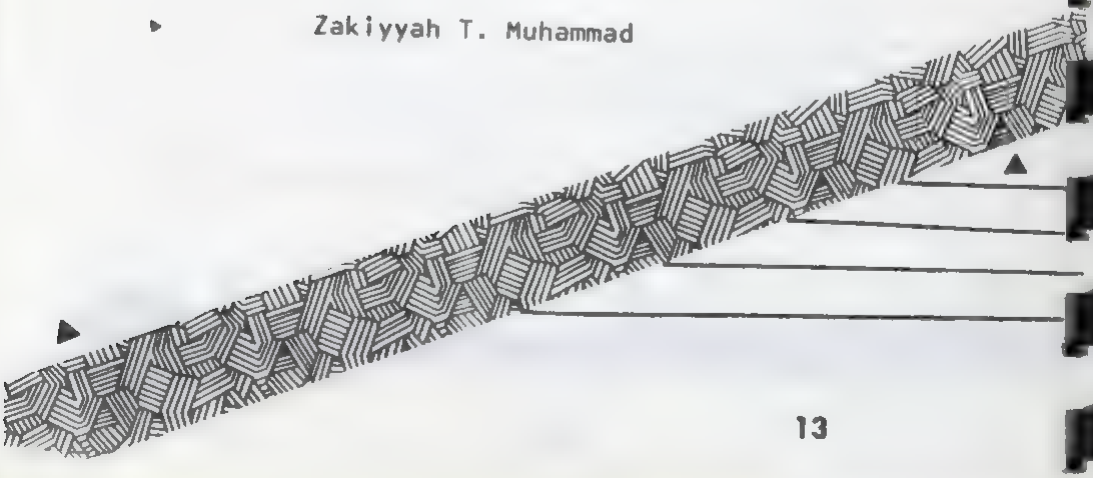
Where have all the flowers gone?

Wild street nights
Corner delights
Blighted neighborhoods
Our young folks at war
Popping pills
Cracking it up.
Searching for cheap thrills
In need of skills
Ghetto blight blocking
Out the light of
Great, great minds

Self destruction
As the game of
Chess is being played
Cultural shock
And a continuous look
For a white rock

We once talked
About building a
Nation
Did the world take
a vacation
Where have all the flowers
gone? They have withered
away.

Zakiyyah T. Muhammad



To God I give my soul

Like the sun beams its rays

Throughout the land

Whenever I am in need of a friend

To him I turn

And without hesitation

He Guides me

Every step of the way

Through the night and

Through the day

As I struggle to be upright in a world

That seems not to care

To God I give my soul reaching inward and out

Seeking his devine guidance

Thereby Understanding my true purpose and self

And through his wonderous signs

He blesses my soul with divine truth

Wisdom and Knowledge

Zakiyyah T. Muhammad

17 YEARS AFTER

after the years had flown
swiftly by
after we'd grown
and asked ourselves why
why didn't we touch back then
back when we were teens, just friends
tender in our years
tender in our thoughts of love
innocence and honesty prevailed
it wasn't meant to be back then
friendship and love
falling in love
we were limited to
sweet hellos, sad goodbyes
never knowing what the future held
never knowing I'd be holding you
today, always, forever
17 years after.

Myron Rodgers

LIKE A REVOLUTION

Like a revolution I want to love you.
I feel alive just thinking about you.
Thunder rolls beneath my feet
Like when Malcolm and Martin would speak
To the masses
Move the masses
With the eloquent truth
The only truth
Until it hurt us
To our hearts
Self revelation
Is the evolution
Of a revolution
For change
When two minds meet
Man and woman.
We remember the heroes of the past.
And how they made us feel real again.
Bending our ears to the truth.
Slapping our faces as all good fathers do.
Shaking our bodies
Awaking our lives from sleep
To the truth
To the truth
Of what it is
To be Black.
That's how I like you
And want to love you
Like a revolution.

Myron Rodgers
Dec. 83

WINTER

Summer flowers sleep
below
Snowbirds welcome
Winters Snow
Chill winds stir
leaves to flight, while
Snowbirds watch winters
Sight....

Marie Thomas

TALK TO ME

TALK TO ME ABOUT FARAWAY PLACES

TALK TO ME ABOUT TIME AND SPACES

TALK ABOUT YOU AND ME STRUGGLIN'

TO FIND IDENTITY.

WE'LL FIND OURSELVES A RAINBOW,

WE'LL HITCH UPON A STAR

WE'LL FIND OURSELVES A PLACE IN SPACE

THE JOURNEY ISN'T FAR...

EVERYBODY'S GOT A PLACE

EVERYBODY'S GOT A SPACE

TO GROW IN TIME.....

Marie Thomas
11/79

ANYWAY YOU COME

Sometimes my love for women consumes me

Leaves me hopelessly in their clutches

I try to guard against it by being strong and disciplined

And remembering how much of a stir it would cause

If I pursued this woman who I cherished so dearly

I acquiesced

And quietly longed to reach out and touch her

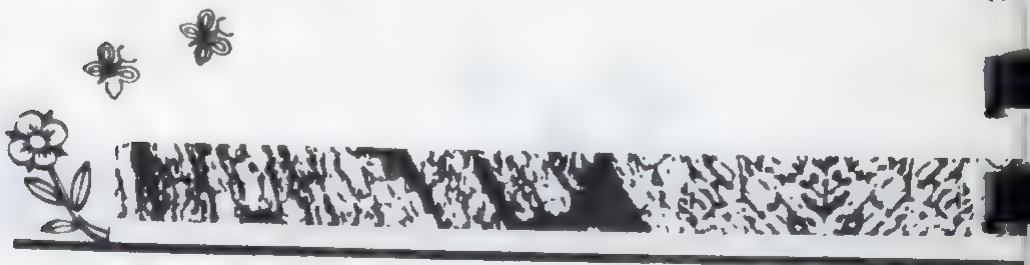
With the same love I knew she had for me

But alas, I moved to slowly

With burdened heart, as my loved one flitted away

Like a butterfly, she may never return.

June 22, 1981 Mansa K. Mussa



WHAT DISASTER?

Here sit I

At the precipice.

Perched, once again

On that thin-edged sword.

On the brink of disaster.

Desolation! Failure!

But lo! Not so fast!

There's stuff left here

That will avert the

Plunge into oblivion.

See!

The wafer thin blade edge

yields.

and verily, becomes a rainbow.

And on we go.

Mansa K. Mussa

NO ONE'S PERFECT

No one's perfect ... they say

Well I disagree!

I happen to be a perfect example of a perfect person

I'm perfectly good in my goodness

Perfect at being angry when I'm mad

I'm perfectly disagreeable when I argue

And make perfect mistakes in my errors

I develop a perfectly negative attitude when moody

I'm perfectly happy in my happiness

And will cry perfectly when sad

I'm perfectly calm in my coolness

Fall perfectly short in my shortcomings

And when I make a mess ... it's a perfect wreck

I pout ... shout ... and strike out perfectly

In the insanity of living in this perfectly imperfect world

So NO ONE'S PERFECT?

WELL!! PERFECTLY I DISAGREE

DAPHNE HAYGOOD-BENYARD
1982

I KNOW HIM

I know him as an aggressive man ... On the path of life ... Devoted to prove himself superior of his kind

I know him as a husband ... A generous partner, affectionate spouse ... Profound is his gift ... Precious is his sacrifice

I know him as a father ... Responsible for his offspring ... Committed to teach and touch their minds and souls in ways no other can

I know him as a writer ... Whose spirit is the pearls of his thoughts ... Caught somewhere between the heat of the sun anu the cool of the sea

I know him as a student ... A drink from the greatest ocean could never quench his thirst for knowledge

I know him as the dedicated teacher ... Reaching toward perfection .... Daring to engulf and eliminate weakness in his students by injecting the fruits of his wisdom

I know him as a friend ... Who tickles my sensitive mind with loyalty that echoes throughout my most intimate thoughts

I know him as a lover ... Who with his strength, wisdom and justice has touched the hearts of many and set the souls of others free

I know him as a man that I love ... I admire and respect this man because he is not controlled by his sins, but rather, his soul controls the execution of his deeds

DAPHNE HAYGOOD-BENYARD

DON'T GO HOME AGAIN

as a little girl
in miss sadie's chair
i pinched my shoulders in pain
as she burned my hair

at the roots.

mama and daddy
worked over-time
snatched us from the projects
and over the line
to the white neighborhood
where they burned our home

at the roots.

man wouldn't do right
too high hog for his tastes
left me and the baby
in this graceless place
found the night air more fetching
than what i gave
he writh'd and he wretch'd
he matry'd and he maim'd
that man wrenched my heart out

at the roots.

- Sandra West

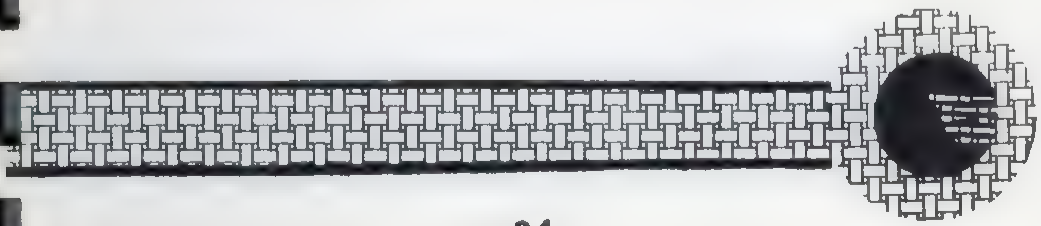
THE CHARLESTON SISTERS

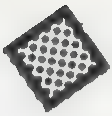
Oh Sister, we must not be late
Or the sun may never rise again
We have many tears to weep
We must cover ourselves in darkness
Which shows faith in our belief.
Shadows attract no reflections.

Oh Sister, look at them desert us.
Don't they know we mean them no harm?
Can't they tell we are sisters of the cloth?

Don't cry, Sister
Shed no tears
For the blind sights of others.

- Jody Pate





MY SELF

I stand alone in my nakedness, 'cept for these bands on my
my left ring finger
I stare at them, reflecting on what they were 'sposed to
bring me: companionship, happiness, food, clothing and
shelter, children; but

I stand alone

me and these bands of what? bewilderment, bewitchment
loneliness, loveliness, familiness?
As I bow my head, eyes focusing the scene, I notice
I notice my own flesh arms, hands, toes, lone navel
my nakedness
deep in thought now, I see "my self", I'm not alone
I have all the members of my body.

These silly rings

I stare at them

Were they really necessary? If this is the self I've had
all along, did I really need these darn rings?
I lift my head, touch "my self" all over
Feels like I'm all here
What a relief (I'm relieved)

- Islah Ali

THE REAL ENEMY

Contempt -- I've nothing but contempt for you and your sick
Buppie ways; Niggar -- Yeah you, the NEW NIGGAR!
Buppie, you know, as in "Black Upwardly Mobile Professional."
Buppie, as in the new lost tribe of niggers.
I've nothing but contempt for your Sak's and Bloomies plastic
in your Gucci bags,
Your BMW's, Porsches and Mercedes in your AT&T, Xerox and
IBM driveways.
Your baaaaaddd ass MS's, MA's, PhD's, and JD's.
I ask you your views on Tutu's strategy in Soweto and you ask
"Tutu??? Tutu Who?????"
Your conversation is limited to the hard choices of the color
of ruffles on a damn daybed,
When the last real book you've read is Jane's Workout...
I expect too much.

Twenty years ago it was you who cried, "Down w/Whitey, Black is
Beautiful, Down with the system, Power to the people,
Down with the E-N-E-M-Y."
You sold out Niggar ----- You bought the grand solution to the
"Negro Problem" they were researching in their esoteric
think tanks while you burned Watts, D.C., and Newark.
Did you actually believe they weren't planning?

Solution: "Give them cake and they will forget their misery."
You intense Buppie, Ivy League intellectual.. didn't you learn
anything from World History? (given you learned nothing from your own)

Appeasement? Ever heard of the word?
And you briefcase Niggars bought it....
Twenty years hence, and New Niggar you fail to realize,
to save us you must confess..."the real enemy is me!"

- Linda A.H. Walker

CALL

Call me.
Intelligencize me like a blueprint.
Daybreak guide me by the hand as I
hear your voice from an open doorway
softly calling my name.

Whisper me into your presence.
Whisper as discreetly as a prisoner
planning an escape. Call me.

Once; I entered my lonely winter
apartment, looked through the window,
fixed upon snow as it fell so
silent. Reminded me of the evening
it was I walking alone on a street
of cobblestone.
I'm lonely, call me.

Rock bands all over Europe perspire
with a little white boy beat,
calling, calling European heads
of state, telling governments a war
will come.

Bishop in South Africa called,
he called on Botha first time
In five years. Botha said come,
talk to me.

Picture this;
A plum on a plate.
Plate; cream white.
Plum; purple light.
The fly is called and settles.
Touching upon the sweetness
of plum.

Call!
Shine light into my eyes.
Sober me as coffee would.
With a voice strong as chlorine.
Call!
Amaze me as a glob of red paint
on this cold gray pavement.
Call me,
Just call me.

- Victove

AWAKE.....

before the new day sun
I proclaimed my awareness
the sun awaken me,
it kissed this ebony child
of the NILE.....

before the moon.....
I proclaimed my identity
the moon bathed me
it held me close
this child of the river
Gi'hon

but, I've journed far
into a strange land
no longer flowing of milk
and honey...
no longer shaded by the
great cedar of Lebanon
no longer can I dance in the
mist of the Hid-dekel
which waters cooled me

what is this distant shore?
the sun does not kiss me
it knows me not.....
the moons coldness has not
the same sweet dew that bathed
me

no longer am I the same ebony
child of the NILE
no longer am I the dancer in
the mist of the HID'DEKEL river
i lost all my identity doing the
"middle-passage"
no longer can the ebony child
be welcome by her new day sun
awake to the sound of a strange
drum

dorothea m. moore

LADY'S LEGACY

1.
It is the 30's
Your blues jump
You bring Bessie back from the dead
You make Ma Rainey want to testify from her grave
You laugh in the Depression's face with your cherry-sweet mouth
You are our Lady of the Flower
    our hope for a new day...

2.
It is the 40's
Your blues cuts into the belly of reaction like a knife
Your strange fruit gives the country a migraine/that won't go away
Your dignity is distorted by the press
You are set upon by lover-man leeches
Your end is beginning/already
You are now a target for destruction...

3.
It is 1959
Your blues even moves the stoical angels of death/to tears
Your only constant companion is your good-morning heartache
You are haggard/& helpless
Your children hear you
                see you
                & understand/for they are angry & begin to march
Your arrest warrant on your deathbed
     seals the fate of your first life/but starts another
For you are chosen for martyrdom
     & we REVERE you/
                    in spite of them...

Zayid Muhammad
August 9, 1986

JANUARY 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
december 1986 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	february 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28			1 NEW YEAR'S DAY 1/364	2 2/363	3 3/362
4 4/361	5 5/360	6 6/359	7 7/358	8 8/357	9 9/356	10 10/355
11 11/354	12 12/353	13 13/352	14 14/351	15 15/350	16 16/349	17 17/348
18 18/347	19 19/346 MARTIN LUTHER KING JR'S BIRTHDAY OBS.	20 20/345	21 21/344	22 22/343	23 23/342	24 24/341
25 25/340	26 26/339	27 27/338	28 28/337	29 29/336	30 30/335	31 31/334

FEBRUARY 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 32/333	2 33/332	3 34/331	4 35/330	5 36/329	6 37/328	7 38/327
8 39/326	9 40/325	10 41/324	11 42/323	12 LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY 43/322	13 44/321	14 VALENTINE'S DAY 45/320
15 46/319	16 WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY OBS 47/318	17 48/317	18 49/316	19 50/315	20 51/314	21 52/313
22 WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 53/312	23 54/311	24 55/310	25 56/309	26 57/308	27 58/307	28 59/306
					january 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	march 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

MARCH 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 60/305	2 61/304	3 62/303	4 63/302 ASH WEDNESDAY	5 64/301	6 65/300	7 66/299
8 67/298	9 68/297	10 69/296	11 70/295	12 71/294	13 72/293	14 73/292
15 74/291	16 75/290	17 76/289 ST PATRICK'S DAY	18 77/288	19 78/287	20 79/286	21 80/285
22 81/284	23 82/283	24 83/282	25 84/281	26 85/280	27 86/279	28 87/278
29 88/277	30 89/276	31 90/275				

february 1987

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

april 1987

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

APRIL 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
march 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 may 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30		1 91/274	2 92/273	3 93/272	4 94/271
5 95/270	6 96/269	7 97/268	8 98/267	9 99/266	10 100/265	11 101/264
12 102/263	13 103/262	14 PASSOVER 104/261	15 105/260	16 106/259	17 GOOD FRIDAY 107/258	18 108/257
19 EASTER 109/256	20 110/255	21 111/254	22 112/253	23 113/252	24 114/251	25 115/250
26 116/249	27 117/248	28 118/247	29 119/246	30 120/245		

MAY 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
April 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	June 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30				1 121/244	2 122/243
3 123/242	4 124/241	5 125/240	6 126/239	7 127/238	8 128/237	9 129/236
10 MOTHER'S DAY 130/235	11 131/234	12 132/233	13 133/232	14 134/231	15 135/230	16 ARMED FORCES DAY 136/229
17 137/228	18 VICTORIA DAY (CANADA) 138/227	19 139/226	20 140/225	21 141/224	22 142/223	23 143/222
24 144/221	25 MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVED 145/220	26 146/219	27 147/218	28 148/217	29 149/216	30 MEMORIAL DAY 150/215
31 151/214						

JUNE 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14 FLAG DAY	15	16	17	18	19	20
21 FATHER'S DAY	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

may 1987

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

july 1987

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

JULY 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
june 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	august 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31		1 CANADA DAY 182/183	2 183/182	3 184/181	4 INDEPENDENCE DAY 185/180
5 186/179	6 187/178	7 188/177	8 189/176	9 190/175	10 191/174	11 192/173
12 193/172	13 194/171	14 195/170	15 196/169	16 197/168	17 198/167	18 199/166
19 200/165	20 201/164	21 202/163	22 203/162	23 204/161	24 205/160	25 206/159
26 207/158	27 208/157	28 209/156	29 210/155	30 211/154	31 212/153	

AUGUST 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
July 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	September 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30					1
2 214/151	3 215/150	4 216/149	5 217/148	6 218/147	7 219/146	8 220/145
9 221/144	10 222/143	11 223/142	12 224/141	13 225/140	14 226/139	15 227/138
16 228/137	17 229/136	18 230/135	19 231/134	20 232/133	21 233/132	22 234/131
23 235/130	24 236/129	25 237/128	26 238/127	27 239/126	28 240/125	29 241/124
30 242/123	31 243/122					

SEPTEMBER 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 244/121	2 245/120	3 246/119	4 247/118	5 248/117
6 249/116	7 250/115 LABOR DAY	8 251/114	9 252/113	10 253/112	11 254/111	12 255/110
13 256/109	14 257/108	15 258/107	16 259/106	17 260/105	18 261/104	19 262/103
20 263/102	21 264/101	22 265/100	23 266/99	24 267/98	25 268/97	26 269/96
27 270/95	28 271/94	29 272/93	30 273/92			

august 1987

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

october 1987

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

OCTOBER 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
september 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	november 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30			1 274/91	2 275/90	3 276/89
4 277/88	5 278/87	6 279/86	7 280/85	8 281/84	9 282/83	10 283/82
11 284/81	12 285/80 COLUMBUS DAY THANKSGIVING DAY (CANADA)	13 286/79	14 287/78	15 288/77	16 289/76	17 290/75
18 291/74	19 292/73	20 293/72	21 294/71	22 295/70	23 296/69	24 297/68
25 298/67	26 299/66	27 300/65	28 301/64	29 302/63	30 303/62	31 304/61 HALLOWEEN

NOVEMBER 1987

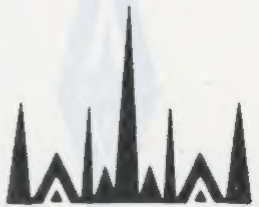
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 305/60	2 306/59	3 ELECTION DAY 307/58	4 308/57	5 309/56	6 310/55	7 311/54
8 312/53	9 313/52	10 314/51	11 VETERANS DAY 315/50	12 316/49	13 317/48	14 318/47
15 319/46	16 320/45	17 321/44	18 322/43	19 323/42	20 324/41	21 325/40
22 326/39	23 327/38	24 328/37	25 329/36	26 THANKSGIVING DAY 330/35	27 331/34	28 332/33
29 333/32	30 334/31					

october 1987

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

december 1987

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



DECEMBER 1987

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
november 1987 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	january 1988 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	1 335/30	2 336/29	3 337/28	4 338/27	5 339/26
6 340/25	7 341/24	8 342/23	9 343/22	10 344/21	11 345/20	12 346/19
13 347/18	14 348/17	15 349/16	16 350/15	17 351/14	18 352/13	19 353/12
20 354/11	21 355/10	22 356/9	23 357/8	24 358/7	25 CHRISTMAS DAY 359/6	26 360/5
27 361/4	28 362/3	29 363/2	30 364/1	31 365/0		

AT-A-GLANCE®

AfAm R 811.54080896 Ur12
Urban Voices, journal
1987 / [Mansa K. Mussa,
MAIN
33173011965148

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

THE NEWARK PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 3173 01196 5148

URBAN V

PICTURE A DANCER

From shiny floors and wall held bars

cramped toes and pains of joy.

worlds apart, now and then

the music flows

the steps sure

the turns precise

pirouettes crisp

alive

unlike my music box

she's a real ballerina.

Phyllis Byers

1987

NJ
[redacted]R
811.540
80896
Ur12
R